

# The Lexington Gazette.

VOLUME 98. NO. 27.

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1902.

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IF YOU WILL PUT a teaspoonful of Mexican Mustang Liniment into a glass half full of water and with this gargle your throat often it will quickly cure a Sore Throat.



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a few times and the soreness and inflammation will be conquered and the wounded flesh healed.

To get the best results you should saturate a piece of soft cloth with the liniment and bind it upon the wound as you would a poultice.

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### Fraternal Orders.

Mountain City Lodge, No. 67, Ancient York Masons, meets 2nd and 4th Monday nights at Masonic Hall, Frank Moore, W. M. A. T. Shields, Sec'y.

Rockbridge Lodge, No. 58, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, W. R. Beeton, N. G. J. V. Grinstead, Sec'y.

Lexington Lodge, No. 66, K. of P., meets every Tuesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, T. E. Jarrett, C. G. M. L. Hildebrand, K. E. S.

Natural Bridge Council, No. 1293, Royal Arcanum, meets 1st and 3rd Friday night in each month, W. R. Beeton, Regent, James Withrow, Sec'y.

Leo Jackson Camp, No. 82, Junior Order American Mechanics, meets every 2nd and 4th Friday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall, F. S. Johnston, counselor, D. B. Radford, Sec'y.

Liberty Lodge, No. 2, Daughters of Rebekah, meets every Monday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, Miss Annie Beeton, N. G. Mrs. Daniel A. Crigler, Sec'y.

### C. B. GUYER.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LEXINGTON, VA.  
[Office in rear of the Court House.] ap 4

### PAUL M. PENICK.

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LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.  
Notary Public. ap 4

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### Charming Goshen Pass.

The following article will be read with interest by the subscribers to THE GAZETTE, as it treats of a matter of local interest and is written by Mr. James Henry Moser, who is the Art Critic of the Washington Post, as will be seen from an examination of the Sunday issues of that paper. He has also charge of the water color division of the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, and has recently placed on exhibition in Richmond a number of his works, which have awakened the most favorable comment.

There are mountain gaps and passes without number in Virginia, but only one Goshen Pass. Commodore Maury's famous saying, "When I am dead carry me through Goshen Pass and may the laurel be in bloom," tells more than volumes could of the wistery and romantic beauty of this wonderful spot. With a full consciousness that the real charm of this Pass will elude any arrangement of descriptive words, the writer records his impressions here.

Indeed, it is an occasion like this that fills the painter with misgivings, for knowing as he does, the deplorable limitations of his color-box, he is much less confident of his command of words, for they at best are not his medium of expression. However if these lines inspire some reader to make a journey through the gorge, that will be reason enough for this account of a painter's impressions of his first visit to this little known but wonderfully rich and attractive bit of nature—"Goshen Pass."

He was black as any negro, but with the features of a mountaineer. He had a good team of horses and a farm wagon and was transporting a car load of soft coal from the station to the hotel. Something in his reply to some casual question led the writer to believe that he was a man of some culture and a humorist. It ended in the writer not going to the livery stable, but engaging him for a drive through the Pass. Jud O. McCutcheon, styled "Mac," proved a delightful companion, a Confederate veteran full of reminiscences, a hunter, farmer, and he had set type, read proof, and even contributed an occasional article to the newspapers. Deeply interested in scientific botany, full of wood lore and mountain stories, Mac is a study. In the hands of a Westcott, he might prove as interesting and becomes famous as "David Harum." Mac introduced the writer to the mysteries of the Pass, and, though he had walked through it and driven through it at all hours and seasons, his enjoyment was no less than that of the newcomer.

### BEFORE THE WAR.

Goshen Pass was famous in the old days. The inimitable Col. Strother, "Port Crayon" in Harper's, speaks glowingly of the Pass, when with his sisters he made a tour of these mountains in a carriage, and published his story and sketches. The Pass was a thoroughfare from the north and west to Lexington and the James. An old resident of Goshen relates that at one time there were as many as twelve stage coaches daily through the Pass, but the railroads have changed all this and stages no longer run over the route. One meets an occasional mail carrier on horseback. This feature alone of the old staging days remains.

### THROUGH THE PASS.

Leaving the hotel early one morning while mist was still lying in the valley and overhead, one of those grey, threatening skies so dear to an artist, Mac and the writer started out for the Pass. Turning at the Victoria Furnace, a great iron establishment, which after a long silence, is again making iron pigs from the crude ore, the vehicle followed a little creek through a "gap." Praising what I supposed to be the entrance to the Pass, Mac chuckled, whereupon an explanation was demanded. "This ain't no Pass, this is only the gap," he replied. After a couple of miles we drove out of the gap into Bell's valley, one of those very fertile, thrifty spots so common in this mountain region.

A short mile across this level, and we entered the Pass. The difference between a gap and a pass became apparent at once. A gap is a wide opening through a mountain range, while a pass is a narrow gorge or canyon. On either hand the mountain side rose 2,000 feet and more, so steeply in many places that only spruce and the hardest pine could find a foothold. In other places were towering rock cliffs, seamed and worn by ages of sun and heat. From these mountain sides blocks of stone of enormous size had fallen into the ravine, till the little stream of sea-green water had been choked up into charming pools, deep and clear, broken by cascades of snowy whiteness and fascinatingly fantastic. The road, a fine piece of engineering, much of the way is quarried out of the solid rock, sometimes high up on the mountain. From there, the view, though beautiful, was often a bit terrible. The

## How To Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

## Scott's Emulsion

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

road is level, no "sideling" or rough places in it, perfectly secure, but beyond the edge it was in places impassable and sinister. It is no uncommon thing even now for travelers to meet bear along this road, and a tree is pointed out where the wolves, having treed a man, kept him there all night. When he was rescued by passers in the morning the tree was seen to have been gnawed nearly through by the voracious beasts. Wolves are rarely seen here now. They have gone to fastnesses deeper in the mountains of West Virginia and North Carolina.

GLIMPSES OF IMPOSING SCENERY.  
Now and again one gets glimpses up and down this pass which make most dramatic and imposing pictures. With all its rugged grandeur, there is still an idyllic quality in this sylvan ravine. Its rippling water and charming scenery make it more delightful than any similar spot. At Paint Rock, on the French Broad, there are glimpses much like this, but Goshen Pass is narrower and more charming. Tuckerman's Ravine, in the White Mountains, is much the same sort of a narrow rocky gorge, but it lacks the vegetation; it is rocky and barren as a crater. The rich, variegated growth, from silver lichens to velvet green moss, laurel, big and little, to poplar, oak, maple and spruce, with the grey of bare rock, produce an infinite variety of color, and though in August, the scheme, green and blue, is far from monotonous. The effect of mist creeping up the mountain side and the fine, rugged line of jutting purple cliff and spruce trees projected against this, must be seen to be appreciated. In a narrow gorge like this, the effect is so concentrated that it becomes immensely pictorial. On every hand is laurel, "big laurel" and "little laurel" as the natives speak of rhododendron and the true mountain laurel. These hardly evergreens, with their tough, woody stems tortured into every conceivable twist and turn, cling to every crevice in the rocky places where a little soil has lodged. At a point in the Pass called Laurel Run, where a tiny brook crosses the road, is a magnificent thicket of laurel. The brook moistens the rocks for a wide space and the rocks and fallen logs here have become carpeted with silken moss of great richness. Above this the laurel clusters.

### WHEN THE LAUREL BLOOMS.

"See Goshen Pass when the laurel is in bloom and you will forget every other beautiful bit of nature you ever looked at," said a friend of mine. I made a pencil sketch of Laurel Run, letting my imagination picture this beautiful spot as it might appear when that tangle of big and little laurel was in bloom. I was quite willing to believe my friend might be right. Little wonder that Commodore Maury should be so in love with this fascinating place. If the spirit cares for what befalls this poor body of ours after that spirit has taken its final departure, he must have enjoyed deeply the journey his remains made from Lexington to Richmond, by way of Goshen Pass, and in June when the laurel was in bloom. One is reminded of Rousseau's great love of nature expressed in much the same way in his instructions to his attendants: "When you think I am dying, carry me out underneath some great oak tree and I'm sure I shall revive."

One beautiful effect follows another so closely—no two vistas are the same in this great Pass—that one forgets the flight of miles and time. It is about five miles through the Pass proper and about seven miles from Goshen. At the lower end of the Pass is a fine sulphur spring, reached by a rustic bridge across the stream. Here by the roadside in a fine oak grove are placed twenty or thirty huts of rude construction in camp-meeting style. This bit of ground and the spring was left to the citizens of the

county by some philanthropic native. Anyone in the county may build here or come here and camp on the broad green square underneath the oaks without let or hindrance. A number of people with their families, from different parts of Rockbridge county, were enjoying this pleasant privilege. Near by is the famous Rockbridge Baths and it was near there that we dined with some good farmer people, cousins of Mac, who gave us a cordial Virginia welcome and an excellent dinner. Our return through the Pass revealed the grandeur of the place, for a very heavy thunderstorm caught us in the heart of the Pass. The majesty of a storm is impressive anywhere, but in Goshen Pass it is something to bring on nostalgia. Mac was silent. I myself had little to say. I was overcome with the sublimity of the weird experience. Once I broke out in a laugh. "What are you laughing at?" asked Mac, looking up in surprise. "I was just thinking, Mac," I replied, "of some passages of Wagnerian opera I have heard where they thought they were representing a scenic effect like this."

### Troublesome Caterpillars.

Bath County Enterprise.  
Mr. C. W. Richardson, manager for the Virginia Hot Springs Company, is having all the wild cherry trees on the company's land cut down in order to destroy the caterpillars. This is a good move; it is well known that the wild cherry is the principal tree in which the caterpillar multiplies, and the trees are practically worthless.

Mr. T. S. McClintic, of Shanklin, says he cut all the wild cherry trees on his land several years ago, and he has not been bothered with the pests above named since, and previous to his cutting said trees his farm was overrun with this species of worm.

There are more caterpillars here than was ever known, and the cutting of these trees will undoubtedly lead to an advantage that will be long remembered.

### A Fatal Fight with a Big Bear.

A huge black bear, weighing 436 pounds was brought in from the country into Bluefield, W. Va., Saturday night, and sold to local butchers. Its weight was supplemented slightly by 11 bullets in its body, telling the story of a desperate battle between bruin and a party of hunters organized to run him down, since he had been working havoc among the sheep folds.

Bruin at bay in a narrow mountain path killed the hounds as fast as they came near him, and with ten rifle balls in his body he was still fighting. John Burton, aged 18, rushed in too close and was bowled over by the bear's heavy paw, which tore his face in strings, while a second cuff broke his left arm. The bear bit through Burton's left leg and was gnawing his stomach when a shot fired by a man named Ramsey settled his career. Young Burton will die.

The Rev. C. H. Crawford, president of the Anti-Saloon League of Virginia, appeared in the Amherst County Court to answer the charge of contempt. Judge Campbell discussed the case at length, reading the article in which Mr. Crawford had asked, "Which had been doctoring the most, the whiskey or the courts?" and decided that as Mr. Crawford questioned the accuracy of reports in Richmond papers he would postpone the case until June 24.

Fishersville Correspondent Staunton News: It is to be doubted whether there is another section in the State of the same size in which as many nice farms have changed hands within the last twelve months as the vicinity of Fishersville. There are now left only one or two other desirable farms in this part of the district, that could be bought at any reasonable figure.

### Indian Prayer Sticks.

Those acquainted with Indian customs know of the prominence that feathers hold in the religious and social ceremonies of the red men. Particularly among the Navajoes and Pueblos are these plume emblems believed to have the utmost efficacy for good or bad.

All about any Pueblo town may be seen carefully whittled sticks, each with a tuft of downy feathers, generally white ones, bound at the top of it. They are prayer sticks and are quite as curious as the prayer wheels of Burma and the paper prayers of the Chinese. The feathers, stick and manner of tying the feathers vary according to the nature of the prayer. The Indian who wishes to ask a favor of the "Trues" prepares his feather prayer with great secrecy. Then, taking it to a proper spot, he prays to those above, and, planting his stick, leaves it to continue his petition.

One of the Unemployed—I wish I had money enough so I shouldn't have to work for a living.

Another of Them—So do I. In that case, you know, it would be so easy to get a job.—Boston Transcript.

### One of the Symptoms.

"But how did you know that I was in love with you?" he asked.  
"You were so foolish," she answered.  
—Chicago Post.

Alcoholic perfumes, manufactured by saturating alcohol with the odor of certain fruits or flowers, were made as early as the fourteenth century.

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ONE-HALF OFF.

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